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POEMS,

ORIGINAL AND TRANSLATED.

BY THE

REV. JOHN WARTON, M.A.

K

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CONTENTS.

	PAGE
THE Complaint - - - - -	1
The Pyramids of Egypt - - - -	10
Rex Fluviorum Thameſis - - - -	14
Part of the Firſt Book of the Argonautics of Apollonius Rhodius - - - -	19
Solitude at an Inn - - - - -	59
Epitaph - - - - - - -	61
To a Painter - - - - - -	62
From the Greek of Simonides - - -	63
From the Greek of Apollonius Rhodius - -	65
A Sacred Anacreontic Ode - - - -	68
The Viſion of Moſes - - - - -	71
In Horto Script. Auctore T. Warton - -	77
The foregoing imitated - - - -	78
Polydore and Cleonice, a Tale in Imitation of Dryden - - - - - -	80
Alfredus - - - - - - - -	101

CONTENTS.

PAGE

Antipatri ex Anthologia - - - - 109
Incerti Auctoris ex Anthologia - - - 110
Callimachi ex Anthologia - - - - 111
Inscriptio - - - - - - - 112
Uxori Opt. - - - - - - - 113
Elegia - - - - - - - - 114
Archiæ ex Anthologia - - - - 116
Parmenionis ex Anthologia - - - - 117
Dioscoridis ex Anthologia - - - - 118
Antipatri ex Anthologia - - - - 119
Inscribed on a Beautiful Grotto near the Water 120
Idem Latinè Redditum - - - - 121
Ex Anthologia - - - - - - - 122
An Ars sit Perfectior Natura? Affirmatur - 123
An Locus Conveniat Locato? Affirmatur - 124
An Casus et Fortuna sint in Rebus? Affirmatur 126
Incerti Auctoris ex Anthologia - - - 128
——*Dulcique Animos Novitate Tenebat* - - 129
In Sylva Script. - - - - - - 130
Pictori Egregio Thomæ Beach - - - 131
Epitaphium Annæ Staines - - - - 133

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THE

COMPLAINT.

PENSIVE, and ſlow, with ſolitary ſteps
I trace the gardens wonted paths, by late
Remorſe, and impotent regret, compell'd
To ruminate on youthful follies, ſad
Original of thouſand ills, of dire
Misfortune's baleful train th' unheeded ſource:
Pale Poverty, whoſe ſpectre form attends
Sorrow and faded Care, and haughty Scorn
Of ſterner aſpect, and Unkindneſs harſh
The glance averting of her alter'd eye
At the dread nod of her terrific Queen.

Through the ſame ways my feet unguided bear
Me oft-returning, as the reſtleſs bird
Of ſummer, in repeated circles flies
With rapid wing, and panting fears to fix
Her claws adheſive on the graſſy turf:
Thus circling move I with unequal pace,
Regardleſs of the never-ceaſing hum
That fills my unattending ears; the laugh
Of playful children through the ſwarming ſtreet
In eager chaſe, and jocund merriment
Purſuing each the other; the loud peal
Of bells, to melody by neighb'ring ſtream
Soften'd from harſheſt tone, the rattling car,
And hoarſer jarring of the pond'rous wain,
With all th' inceſſant din of buſied trade.

Nor leſs unnotic'd is each rural ſound
That ſtrikes my once-enraptur'd ear, the ſong

Of

Of whiſtling blackbird, the ſoft-cooing dove,
The bleat of ewe diſtreſs'd, that earneſt calls
Her wanton young far wand'ring from her ſide
In heedleſs gambols through the neighb'ring mead.
In vain from yonder copſe, whoſe boughs o'erhang
Stour's cavern'd banks, ſad Philomel repeats
Her melancholy ſtrain, with throat compreſs'd
Hoarſe-gurgling now, and now with lengthen'd notes
Of ſtill ſmall ſound preluding to a ſong
Of richeſt, thickly-warbled melody.
To other ears, ſweet bird, addreſs thy lay!
Thy ſtrains, the ſweet artificers of calm
Delight, and penſive pleaſure, are of pow'r
To ſooth to wiſh'd forgetfulneſs the cares
Of leſs afflicted mortals, whilſt my mind
Brooding o'er mis'ry, dull to other ſenſe,
Heeds not thy plaintive tale, thy tale of woes.
How light thy ſorrows, when compar'd with mine!

But ah leſs tuneful my complaint, and rude
The cadence of my verſe; the mind oppreſs'd
Builds not with ſymmetry, and proportions due
The lofty rhyme, but oft in vain eſſays
To riſe, by ſpirit-damping cares weigh'd down,
As ſickning bird that droops with moulting wing.
To thee unmindful of paſt ills, a few
Short vernal ſuns, forgetfulneſs will bring
Of thy loſt brood, and fond maternal hopes
To rear a ſecond tuneful progeny.
To thee regardleſs of impending want
Each lonely dingle, and each hilly croft
Abundant food ſupplies, where ſwarming ants
People the black'ning hillocs earthy round.
For me, nor fleeting months, nor grateful change
Of ſeaſons, in ſucceſſive order roll'd,
Nor fluctuating ebb of human things
A long-loſt brother can reſtore, or bid

Fond

Fond mem'ry from her living tablets raze
The manly virtues, gracefully ſevere,
That high exalted his aſpiring ſoul
Above the vulgar herd; yet gentler oft
Their native firmneſs would relax, 'mid ſouls
Congenial, and in ſocial converſe mild,
Diſcloſe each rare endowment, Attic wit
Temper'd by ſtronger ſenſe, and copious ſtores
Of claſſic lore, harmoniouſly commix'd
With genuine thought, and knowledge underiv'd.
Nor ſeldom would he with a maſter's hand
Strike to bold chords the lyric ſhell, or pour
In freedom unreſtrain'd the flowing rhyme.*

O early-loſt farewell! th' officious muſe
True to affection's call, would duly pay

* See the following Poem, entitled "The Pyramids of Ægypt."

To thy lov'd ſhade, the well-deſerved meed
Of tuneful tears, but that the icy hand
Of poverty with numbing influence choak
Chill'd inſpiration's half-extinguiſhed flame.
Fain would ſhe ſing how Itchin parent-ſtream
Struck with deep ſorrow, check'd his murm'ring waves
Too eager haſte; whilſt on his banks he view'd
Thy length'ning fun'rals melancholy pomp
In ſolemn, meaſur'd paces, ſlowly move.
Fain would ſhe ſing, how to old Ocean's court
The god repairing, 'mid th' aſſembled train
Of kindred deities, in ſpeech abrupt
His fatal meſſage told, th' untimely fate
Of him, his luckleſs favorite, which heard,
Sudden fair Iſis, mute with ſorrow, droops,
And from his chryſtal throne, aſtoniſh'd Thames
Leaps, and with eager violence daſhes down
His coral ſceptre on the azure floor.

Him

Him weeps the goddeſs of her tuneful ſons
The firſt, the chiefeſt, him, the god who erſt
In Latian ſtrains of manlieſt energy
Loud ſung the praiſe of his majeſtic ſtream.*

Yet ſtill, though quench'd her native flame, the muſe
Upheld by Patience, and her ſiſter bland
Calm Reſignation, can with pious zeal
Kiſs the afflictive rod, and though oppreſs'd
With fruitleſs anguiſh, impotent regret,
Can bleſs the gracious pow'r that gives, nor blame
The hand that takes away, fond thought! perhaps
Leſt the drear proſpect of the ills that wait
A brother's houſe, ſhould with too keen a ſting
His wakeful ſenſe of woes fraternal wound.
Still does ſhe ſeem, though rev'rend awe reſtrain

* See the Latin Poem entitled "Rex Fluviorum Thameſis."

Her ken inquiſitive, to view conceal'd
Beneath each juſt diſpoſe of heav'n, ſome wiſe,
Some merciful intent, ſome real good
Unhop'd for, ſpringing from imagin'd ill.
Still, though the ſacrifice of ſcorn, ſhe tread
This vale of tears with poverty her guide,
Yet arm'd with holy courage can ſhe frame
Her meek petition thus "Thou gracious pow'r
"Parent of good, omniſcient Lord, accept
"Thy lowly ſervants grateful thanks, how due!
"For that thy tender and paternal care
"Of human frailty mindful, and the charm
"Of unreſiſted wealth, hath kindly plac'd
"The leaſt, the loweſt of thy worſhippers
"In poverty's ſecure, though barren ſhade.
"O may my feeble virtue, impotent
"Of good, but for thy timely aid, derive
"New ſtrength from thy due chaſtiſement, nor ſink

"In

" In blank dejection ſpiritleſs, though clouds
" Of gath'ring woe impend; but rather taught
" Afflictions wiſdom-giving lore, ſubdue
" Wild paſſion's clam'rous train, that vanquiſh'd yield
" To moderation's ſway th' uſurped breaſt;
" And calm'd by charity, meek, chriſtian grace,
" In paſſive patience bear th' unheeded taunts
" Of ſcornful pride, th' oppreſſive violence
" Of wreſted law, the loſs of former fame,
" With all th' accumulated ills that ſtill
" Th' unenvied haunts of poverty attend.

THE

THE

PYRAMIDS OF ÆGYPT,

Written in the year 1771, *at Wincheſter College, by the late Reverend Thomas Warton of New College, Oxford.*

QUEEN of the eaſt, whoſe penetrating mind
Diſclos'd the light of ſcience to mankind;
Who gave each arts fair offspring to ariſe,
Who taught Aſtronomy to wing the ſkies;
Where Property and Order firſt began,
And ſacred Law, chief excellence of man;
How art thou fall'n! thy glories, Ægypt, fled,
Thy ſons of wiſdom ſunk among the dead!

But

But ſtill aſpires yon ſtructure's cloud-capt height,
O'er Cairo's turrets leſs'ning to the ſight;
Still does the Arab wild, who wanders nigh,
Search for the well known top with weary eye.
High, as old Sangar crown'd with waving woods,
(The father he of Nilus' thund'ring floods;)
Lifts to the nearer ſtars his pine-clad brow,
And frowns upon the humble cliffs below:
So yon aerial pile; whoſe topmoſt ſtone
(Where hovers round the ſtork with clam'rous mōan,
And fears to place ſo high her infant brood)
Is rough with antique charms, and numbers rude;
Such as could cauſe Nile's conſtant ſtream to fail,
Such as could ſtrip Behemoth's iron mail,
Such as could blaſt the hope of Ægypt's land,
Or plant the fig-tree in the burning ſand,
Such as could deſart make Oſiris' dome,
Or fix the tented Arab to an home.

Scarce

Scarce on the top is heard the well-known ſong,
And bell, which leads the merchant train along,
While camels rich with many a foreign bale
Wind ſlowly trooping up the ecchoing vale.
Scarce can you view beneath the ſailor's toil,
And ſheeted maſts that whiten all the Nile;
Scarce can you hear the din of loud reſort,
And buſy murmurs of the crouded port,

But what avails the pomp of regal ſtate!
The pride of art ſo impotently great!
Did nation then with foreign nation join,
And half the world to aid this work combine,
That the ſwath'd ghoſts of Kings of ancient race,
Might ſweep along theſe walls in ampler ſpace?
That foul corruption 'mid this pomp might reign,
And feaſt in pillar'd halls her crawling train?

Britannia!

Britannia! think of Ægypt, and of Rome,
Nor lift for luxury the high-roof'd dome:
Let charity her fav'ring pinions ſpread,
O'er ev'ry riſing ſtructure's tow'ring head;
Let age ne'er curſe thy building's uſeleſs ſtate,
Let want ſit ſmiling at each palace gate;
So ſhall thy glory ſtand to future days,
And ev'ry Briton rival Wickham's praiſe.

REX

REX FLUVIORUM THAMESIS,

Auctore Thomâ Warton, 1772.

[This Poem obtained the annual Prize-Medal at Winchester College in the year 1772.]

UNDARUM venerande Pater, qui ſternis inanem
Majeſtate gravi fremitum, & tacito agmine pergis,
Ito, fretis effunde tibi quas Anglia læta
Credit opes, tardoque advolvere in æquora fluctu!
Ite, O Naiades, nam veſtras Thamesis undas
Ipſe vocat faciles Genitor, fluvioſque ſequaces,
Ite choro propero peramabile plaudite littus,
Divæ, qua circum naturæ dædalus Ordo
Panditur, & rerum variarum oblectat imago.

Jactet

Jactet olivetum licèt atque cacumen Hymetti,
Iliſſus, licet oſtendat convallis honores
Peneus inſignis, regaleſque irriget hortos
Flumine felici Tigris, tua, Sequana, rura,
Et vineta colat fautor dilecta Lyæus;
Pulchrior Iliſſo hic Fluvius, potioraque Tempe,
Flaventeſque agri Pæſtana roſaria vincunt
Et nitidas jactant quas Gallica littora vites.

O quis me ponat ſublimi in vertice collis
Surgit ubi clivo molli Richmondia, & æquor
Subjectum aſpectat, circum undique florea rura
Templaque conſurgunt, lateque patentia culta,
Et Sylvarum umbræ vario diſcrimine ſparſæ
Per campos, armenta inter, diviſaque agrorum
Meſsis; nativo medius ſinuamine lapſus
Littoreas ſalices, & tecta propinqua domorum

Riparum

Riparum villas oſtentat latior amnis,
Dum tremulis undis adverſo ſole relucet.

Hic olim veteres, Regalis ſæva Tyranni
Sceptra indignati, Montanis arcibus agmen
Conjuratorum procerum, & ſocia arma vocantes,
Jus libertatis ſacrum, fæduſque colendum
Firmarunt, Britones; vidiſti ſigna ſecuta
Criſtatoſque duces, vidiſti in margine ripæ,
Dum lætus tacitas preſſiſti Thameſis undas,
Affixum marmor, circum et ſuſpenſa Tropæa.
Extat adhuc ſaxum, monumentum immane, ſuperſtes,
Inſignit memoremque locum pactumque notandum.
Contra ubi tecta ſpecus pendentia pumice vivo,
Et Tophos pandit nativos, fila Popeius
Suavia percurrens, muſas in vota vocavit,
Argumentum ingens reputans, & digna camænâ
Nomina, te Pater alme, tuoque in littore ſylvas

Vinſo-

Vinſorias celebrans, turriti et culmina tecti,
Culmina, quæ quondam mirandâ inſigniit arte
Wiccamus Pater, antiqui monumenta laboris.

Salve! ſancta domus Regum, tuque Aula verenda
Heroum mater ſalveto, ubi in ordine longo
Inſignem comitatum Equites, Edvardus in armis
Conjunxit, dum ſcuto atro, triplicique, decora
Exuviis Galli, plumâ, ſe regia agebat
Digna Patrum victor ſoboles ante ora parentis.

Majori aſſurgas æſtu, majora fluenta
Devolvas, Rex Undarum, qua Auguſta ſuperbam
Infigit ſedem, ripamque accingit utramque
Turribus, Urbs Regina Orbis; quæ quantaque moles
Fluctibus infertur, connectenſque arcubus arcus,
Deſpicit illiſaſque undas & vana frementes.
Aſpice, ut innumeris albeſcunt littora velis,

Innumeris remis vada fervent, inclytus auro
Plata, tibi cedros onerat, nativaque Volgam
Innatat altum abies, tibi, Flumen, ſerica Ganges
Dat vexilla notis fluitare, et Turca, tiarâ
Submiſſâ, veſtras turres miratur, & ædem
Antiquam Petri, Medinæque æmula buſta,
Heroum ſacras defixus ſuſpicit urnas.

Illuſtres Regum manes, Umbræque verendæ
Auguſtam incolitis quæ ſedem, Audite, ſepultis
Si qua manet patriæ pietas, audite, nepotum
Emeritas laudes, ut veſtra Britannia, tanta
Vertice ſublimi gentes ſupereminet omnes,
Quantus in Oceani Genitoris Thamefis aulâ
Urnam majorem oſtendens, & plura tropæa
Contemnit divos alios, turbamque minorem.

PART OF THE FIRST BOOK

OF THE

ARGONAUTICS

OF

APOLLONIUS RHODIUS.

PHŒBUS inſpire my ſong, while I reſound
The deeds of men, in days of yore renown'd,
That o'er rough Pontus to the Phaſian ſhores
Urg'd the ſwift Argo with unwearied oars;
And by ſtern Pelias ſent, reſtor'd to Greece,
The radiant honors of the golden fleece.

For thus, O Phœbus, from the Delphic cell
Thrice Pelias heard thee Fate's decree foretel,

" A ſtranger, with one foot unſhod and bare,
" Shall ſoon arrive—Of him, O King, beware."
Thus ſpoke the god; when Jaſon paſs'd the plains,
Where roar'd Anaurus ſwoll'n with wintry rains,
And as he ſtrove to ford th' indignant flood,
Sudden immerg'd beneath the riſing mud
Each ſhoe forſook his feet—with one regain'd
He haſtes to Pelias' hall—ſo fate ordain'd;
He haſtes the ſolemn feſtal rites to ſhare
Which Pelias then (and ſuch his annual care)
To Neptune chief, and all th' immortals paid,
Yet ſtill was Argive Juno diſobey'd.
Inſtant the King, as Jaſon met his eyes
" Lo this the man decreed by Phœbus," cries:
Then ſtrait th' impending danger to prevent
To diſtant ſeas, and ſhores, the youth he ſent;
To ſtrive with ſhipwrecks on the watry way,
Or fall to ſavage men, an helpleſs prey.

Fame oft has told how Argus' dædal hand
Rear'd the huge frame, that bore the val'rous band.
Be mine the birth of each, and toils, to ſing;
Ye Muſes all your aid propitious, bring!
With Orpheus' ſacred name begin the ſong,
Whom, ſweeteſt ſiſter of the tuneful throng,
Calliope, to brave Æagrus bore
Where ſteep Parnaſſus rears his foreſts hoar.
He bent the ſtubborn cliffs by muſic's force,
His verſe could tame the torrent's headlong courſe.
Ev'n now the ſhore of Thracian Zone along,
Fair monuments of his prevailing ſong.
Tall, ſpreading beeches wave in verdant row,
Drawn by his harp, from Pindus' neighb'ring brow.
Him, King of Thrace, the partner of his woes,
As Chiron ſagely counſell'd, Jaſon choſe.
And next, for whom his Sire Cometes tri'd
Love's joys on proud Apidnus' fruitful ſide,

(There, where his ſtreams, vaſt regions wander'd o'er,
Pour on Enipeus' tides in horrid roar)
Aſterion, 'mid the chiefs enroll'd his name;
To him ſucceeds the mighty Polypheme;
Lariſſa's glitt'ring tow'rs his fam'd abode,
Who, when with youthful heat his boſom glow'd,
Shone 'mid the Lapithæ in conqu'ring arms
To quell th' invading Centaurs loud alarms.
Though now cold age his fainting frame oppreſs'd,
Yet ſtill the martial ſpirit warm'd his breaſt,
Nor long in native Phylace detain'd
Uncle of Jaſon, Iphitus remain'd.
He joins the band by ties domeſtic led,
His blooming ſiſter ſhar'd old Æſon's bed.
Admetus too forſook his ſpreading flocks,
And paſtures bord'ring fair Chalcydon's rocks.
And next, who boaſt the ſon of May their Sire,
Their mother Menetus Antianire,

With

With Echion, Erytus adorn the band
Skill'd in their father's ſly deceit of hand.
To theſe ſoft-tongued Æthalides ſucceeds
Their brother, whom beneath the whiſp'ring reeds,
That thinly ſhade Amphryſſus' winding ſhore,
The martial Myrmidonian Pthias bore.
With theſe advanc'd from Gyrto's lofty ſeats
Coronus tried in war, and manly feats,
Yet was his Sire ſtill fiercer in the fight
Who ſingle turn'd the Centaur-train to flight;
Tho' ſoon the Centaur-train reſum'd their rage,
Fac'd back, and dar'd th' invading chief engage.
But tho' nor ſteel his hardy limbs might gore,
From Pelion's ſides the nodding pines they tore,
With theſe ruſh'd dreadful on, and buried deep
His yet unbroken limbs beneath the branching heap.
Next Mopſus came, whom Phœbus taught to ſing
The flight of birds, and omens of the wing.

You too Eurydamas, your ſeat forſake
Where Thracian Xynias ſleeps, a ſullen lake.
And Actor rous'd his ſon, from Opoen's tow'rs
To gain new palms amid th' aſſembled pow'rs.
Then haſte Eurytion and Erybote,
Of Actor this, of Teleon that begot.
With theſe Oileus ſkill'd or to oppoſe
Or chaſe in headlong flight the trembling foes.
And Canthus mingled in the val'rous train
Sent by Canethus from th' Eubæan plain,
But brave, and warm'd with glorious hopes in vain.
Ev'n now th' unerring Fates foretold his doom
Ev'n now they deſtin'd him an early tomb,
(With Mopſus, ſkilful of prophetic lore)
Far off on Lybia's ſolitary ſhore.
From Cholcis far, as from the weſtern way
In orient glory dawns the god of day.

And

And next proud regents of th' Æchalian land,
Clytius, and Iphitus encreaſe the band;
Their Sire ſtern Erytus, the Bowyer-god
On whom his quiver'd ſtores and bow beſtow'd;
But ſoon the chief (ah ill-requited gift)
Dar'd his own arms, againſt the god to lift.

Nor ſhall th' Æacidæ be loſt to fame
Diff'rent their cities, tho' their birth the ſame:
For ſince in evil hour, and angry mood
They dar'd to dip their hands in brother's blood,
Beneath their guilty ſteel ſince Phocus bled,
Far from Ægina's native tow'rs they fled.
You, Telamon, in Atthis fix'd your ſeat,
Pthias to Peleus gave a ſafe retreat.
Nor martial Butes, from Cecropia's plain
Bold Teleon's offspring, ſhall unſung remain.

And brave Phalerus' name ſhall deck my page
The bloſſom of his Sire's declining age:
Yet tho' this ſon alone remain'd to ſhed
The balm of comfort o'er his hoary head;
Tho' bloſſom of his age, from his lov'd ſide,
Far off he ſent the boy to ſtem the ſtormy tide.
Meantime, the braveſt of th' Athenian train
Theſeus was held, in Pluto's heavy chain.
Since for Pirithous, his ſlaughter'd friend
He dar'd to hell's dark paſſages deſcend.
Elſe both in Jaſon's aid, had deign'd to riſe
And made the beamy fleece an eaſier prize.

Typhis Agniades ſhall next be ſung
From the Siphæan tribe in Theſpia ſprung.
'Twas his the future tempeſt to foretel
And when the billowy plains would ſink or ſwell.

'Twas

'Twas his, as ſun or ſtars gave ſign, to guide
The murm'ring prow ſecure along the tide.
A welcome chief, amid' th' heroic band
He claim'd a place at Pallas' high command,
Pallas who lent to Argus ſkill divine
And taught the ſage to ſhape the Pelian pine,
Than which no ſhip amid the watry roar,
Mov'd more obedient to the ſtruggling oar.
Then Phlias march'd from Erythreas' tow'rs
His ſable fountain where Aſopus pours.
With theſe be, Talaus, thy name enroll'd
Areius and Leodocus the bold.
Argos their ſeat, and Bias was their Sire
With Neleis Pero mix'd in ſoft deſire.
For whom within Iphiclus' plenteous ſtall
Long time Melampus groan'd in weary thrall.
Nor now could Hercules inactive ſleep
While all with mutual ardor ſought the deep.

Soon

Soon as it ſtruck th' exulting hero's ear
How preſs'd the gallant chiefs from far and near,
Sudden his haſty feet retrod the plain,
O'er which conſtrain'd in many a maſſy chain,
He bore the ſavage of Lampeia's wood
That waves o'er Erymanthus' ſedgy flood.
Which 'mid Mycenæ's chiefs aſſembled round
His huge hands heav'd ſcarce ſtruggling to the ground.
Sudden he haſtes as glory warm'd his breaſt,
Nor urg'd by fell Euryſtheus' dire beheſt,
To meet th' aſſembled pow'rs :—beneath his ſide
Hylas appears, in youth's freſh-ſpringing pride.
Hylas the conſtant partner of his care
And faithful ſtill his darts and bow to bear.
With theſe was Nauplius ſeen in arms to ſhine
Nauplius the ſeed of Danaus divine.
Nauplius in naval arts by none outvied
That occupied their buſineſs on the tide.

By Danais Amymone diſclos'd to birth,
His Sire the god that ſhakes the ſolid earth.
Laſt of the chiefs that Argos turrets boaſt
Idmon was added to th' advent'rous hoſt;
Tho' 'mid that hoſt the chief his death foretold,
Skill'd in the lots that Fate's dark volumes hold;
Yet ſtill to ſhun the coward's hated name
He gave his life, a forfeit prize for fame:
Nor he, as fame reports, of Abas born
But of the god, that gives ambroſial morn.
By him inſpir'd, the ſage could well divine
From flight of birds, and each refulgent ſign.
With Jaſon next to gain of fame the meed
Pollux the tamer of the fiery ſteed,
And Caſtor on victorious deeds intent
From Sparta's lofty turrets Leda ſent.
Their birth divine how better could they prove
What taſk more glorious for the ſons of Jove?

And next their limbs with might prodigious brac'd,
Lynceus and Idas from Arena haſte;
Nor ſo renown'd was Lynceus' hardy might,
As the keen vigour of his piercing ſight,
Which, if tradition fables not, ſurvey'd
Thro' earth's deep centre hell's ſequeſter'd ſhade.
You too, Periclymene, the train adorn
Eldeſt of Neleus' ſons in Pylos born,
Thee Neptune taught in dangers of the fight
To ſhift at will thy ſhape, and cheat the ſight.
Nor thou to ſpeak the names, benignant Muſe,
Of Cepheus, and Amphidamas refuſe,
Aleus their Sire, and on th' Arcadian plain
Their proud inheritance Apheidas' reign.
With Tegeas' tow'rs, Ancæus theſe attends
Their eldeſt brother, whom Lycurgus ſends.
Himſelf the part of filial duty choſe
To chear his hoary father's ſoft repoſe.

The youth, undeck'd with ſteel's reſplendent pride,
Wore of a ſavage boar the horrid hide,
On Mænalus o'erſhadow'd ſummits ſlain;
His hands a two-edg'd battle-ax ſuſtain,
For cautious to detain him ſafe at home,
Within the lofty caſtle's inmoſt dome,
(Vain ſtratagem, the breaſt when glory warms)
Aleus conceal'd the ſtripling's radiant arms.
Then lame Augæas boaſtful of his Sire
The god that rolls, bright Heav'ns diurnal fire,
Fir'd with ideas of the Colchian land
He left o'er Eleas' tow'rs his wide command,
Eager the Scythian tyrant to behold
He left his ſhining heaps of treaſur'd gold.
And next from val'rous Hyperaſius ſprung
Amphion, and Aſterius ſhall be ſung;
Their ſeat Pellene fair, which Pallas plac'd
Where the ſcoop'd ſhores reſiſt the watry waſte.

Next Polypheme from Tænarus ſublime
Eager advanc'd the wond'rous bark to climb;
Well was he ſkill'd in airy courſe to ſweep
O'er the blue ſurface of the level deep;
And as the watry paſſage he purſued,
Scarce his ſuſpended feet the brine bedew'd.
Brave Tytius' daughter whom Europa gave
To birth; his Sire, the god that rules the wave.
And next, who Neptune's ſacred lineage boaſt
Ancæus and Erginus join the hoſt;
This from the tow'rs that bear Miletus' name,
From Samos, that, where Juno's altars flame;
Or ſkill'd to guide the veſſel o'er the main,
Or urge the thunder of th' embattled plain.
The glorious conq'ror of the monſtrous boar,
Next Meleager leaves th' Ætolian ſhore;
Æneus his Sire, and Æneus' brother came
Laocoon, yet not their birth the ſame,
His mother was a mercenary dame.

'Twas

'Twas his with precepts mild of ſapient age,
To guide his youthful nephew's headlong rage.
But had that youth within his native land
Told one year longer, ere he join'd the band
O'er all his virtues had ſuperior ſhone,
Excell'd by godlike Hercules alone.
To him ſucceeds Iphiclus in the rear
Skill'd with unerring arm to launch the ſpear.
Or o'er the level green with winged pace
To bound the foremoſt in the rapid race.
Next Palæmonius, Lernus' offspring brave,
His aid with zealous pride to Jaſon gave.
Lernus his name but Vulcan's was his race,
For with one foot he limp'd an awkward pace.
Yet ſtrong beſides, and beauteous was his frame,
And fir'd his breaſt, with valour's genuine flame.
The ſon of Naubolus next honour warms
Phocenſian Iphitus to ſhine in arms:

Brave Jaſon's hoſt, what time from Pythos' fane
Phœbus foretold his dangers on the main.
Zetes, and Calais, next the heroes join
Of winged Boreas, the ſons divine,
Who ſhar'd in Orithûias' fierce embrace
Far in the frozen bounds of wintry Thrace.
For as the feſtal dance the virgin led
O'er the green banks by fair Iliſſus fed;
The god beheld her, and enamour'd bore,
Far off to bleak Erginus ſounding ſhore,
And where Sarpedon's tow'ring ſummits riſe
Heaving to Heav'n his cliffs of horrid ice,
Bade riſe around a ſable mantling cloud
From mortal view their mutual joys to ſhroud.
Each chief with ſwiftneſs more than mortal ſprings
And ſhakes on either feet his gloomy wings;
Which to the ſun (cœleſtial ſight) unfold
Gay-glancing ſcales that blaze with burniſh'd gold;

While

While down their backs a ſheet of azure hair
Rolls in redundant curls, and floats abroad in air.

Nor now th' indulgence of domeſtic eaſe
Detain'd Acaſtus from the ſtormy ſeas.
Nor Argus was away, whoſe dædal hand
Well knew to frame the works which Pallas plann'd.

Such were the chiefs in Jaſon's cauſe who came,
Whom all around the Minyan nobles name
For all the braveſt of the choſen hoſt,
Their high deſcent from Minyas' daughters boaſt:
From Minyas ſprung the beauteous Alcimede
Bore the brave chief, the val'rous train who led.

Now ſtood the ſhip in all her fair array
Complete, and furniſh'd, for the watry way:

The Princes haſte to the Magneſian ſtrand
Where, Pagaſæ, thy far-fam'd ſummits ſtand;
And as around them preſs the thick'ning crouds.
Blaze forth like ſilver ſtars, from ſable clouds.
All on their dazzling arms in ſilence gaze,
Awhile; then thus diſcloſe their deep amaze.
" Eternal Jove! what unforeſeen alarm!
" Say, why ſhould Greece her braveſt warriors arm?
" This pomp of war, Oh whither can ſhe ſend?
" Or what can Pelias' dark deſigns intend.
" Unleſs Æetes reconcil'd to peace
" To yon brave hoſt reſign the radiant fleece;
" One day ſhall ſee the tyrant's ſtately ſpires
" Smoke on the ground enwrapp'd in Grecian fires.
" If thou, great Jove, but ſmooth the Pontic tide
" And bid for Jaſon ev'ry ſtorm ſubſide."

Meantime the matrons for their ſafe return
Prefer the pray'r, the ſteaming incenſe burn;

Nor

Nor was their woe for Alcimede oppreſs'd,
While each her lov'd aſſociate thus addreſs'd;
" Comes them at laſt misfortune's dreary ſtorm
" Thy life's unclouded evening to deform?
" Sad Alcimede! and do the Fates deny
" Thine years to ſet, in mild ſerenity;
" But doubly, Æſon, is thy woe ſevere
" Far better born upon the ſable bier,
" Thine aged limbs had ſlept in earth's cold womb,
" Ere thou hadſt known thy Jaſon's dreary doom.
" Oh had the radiant ram when Helle died
" With Phrixus whelm'd beneath the cloſing tide
" Ne'er liv'd in human accents to diſcloſe
" The dark decrees of fate, and future woes."
And next of various ſex, and various years,
Amid her weeping ſlaves, the Queen appears.
While Æſon ſunk in languor as he lies
Bedews the bed of age with all a father's eyes.

But Jaſon ſtrives their unavailing woes
With balmy words of comfort to compoſe,
And bids th' aſſiſtants to the founding ſhore
Of well-tried weapons waft an ample ſtore;
In ſilent grief th' aſſiſtant train obey,
And weeping to the veſſel, take their way.
But Alcimede with woe ſuperior ſtung,
Round Jaſon's neck in fond embraces hung;
The Virgin thus whom cruel fates detain
Beneath ſome rig'rous ſtepdame's tedious chain,
(Who each ſad day, with harſh ungentle ſounds,
And taunts ſevere, her meeker nature wounds,)
To ſooth the ſadneſs of her ſtate forlorn
With her hoar-treſſed nurſe, is ſeen to mourn:
Around her well-known neck her arms ſhe throws,
And ſcarce for ſighs, can the big grief diſcloſe.
Thus as in cloſe embrace ſhe claſp'd her ſon,
Her ſorrowing plaint had Alcimede begun.

" Unhappy

" Unhappy Queen! Oh had thy limbs been laid
" Long ſince in dark oblivion's ſilent ſhade,
" From life at once, and ſorrow's anguiſh freed,
" When Pelias thy ſad deſtiny decreed.
" Then thy dear hands my languid eyes had clos'd
" And in the tomb my breathleſs corſe compos'd.
" This only office of thy filial care
" Thy wretched mother fondly hop'd to ſhare.
" Ah what avails, that each Theſſalian dame,
" Once heard with duteous awe my lofty name;
" If joyleſs through my deſolated dome,
" I like a captive maid, am doom'd to roam:
" Since all that lofty name I once could boaſt
" And all my glories are in Jaſon loſt.
" For thee I firſt and laſt unloos'd the zone,
" For thee I felt Lucina's pangs alone.
" O unexpected ſtroke, undreamt of blow
" That Phrixus' flight ſhould prove the ſource of woe.

Thus wept the Queen, th' attendant train receive
Her loud laments, and ſtruck with mutual ſorrow grieve.
When Jaſon thus his prudent ſpeech addreſs'd,
" Add not new griefs to this diſtracted breaſt;
" For wretched mortals righteous Jove prepares
" A ſtill-ſucceſſive train of weary cares;
" Yet, Oh my mother, let it ſooth thy grief
" That Pallas lends thy ſon her ſage relief,
" That lucky ſigns are giv'n from Phœbus' ſhrine
" And all the flow'r of valiant Greece is mine:
" Do thou retir'd, with this thy faithful train,
" Peaceful at home, in calm repoſe, remain;
" Yet Oh reſtrain thy unavailing tears,
" Nor thus, divine of ill, awake our fears.

He ſpoke, and trod with loftier pace along,
Thick, and more thick, advance the eager throng:

As

As when Apollo leaves his fragrant ſhrine
Within his native Delos, iſle divine,
Or from proud Claros, or from Delphos moves
Or Xanthus ſtreams that lave wide Lycia's groves:
So mov'd great Jaſon, through the yielding croud,
The many rend the ſkies with plaudits loud.
Iphias, by duty urg'd, though bent with age
(Of guardian Artemis the Prieſteſs ſage)
With feeble ſteps, ſcarce ſtruggles thro' the band
To kiſs the parting heroes holy hand.
Much would ſhe ſay, but unreſtrain'd and rude
On the ſhort interview the crouds intrude;
And urging with reſiſtleſs force aſide
The weeping Matron from the chief divide.

Now reach his ſteps the Pagaſæan ſtrand
Where lodg'd in Argo wait the godlike band.

He

He mounts her lofty ſides, in order'd rows
The chiefs fall back, and one deep file compoſe.
Now from the town advancing to the bay
Argus, and young Acaſtus, they ſurvey:
Yet came they not, as will'd their haughty Sire,
But mad for fame, and fill'd with votive fire.
Argus in many a dreadful fold unfurls
A bull's rough hide o'erſpread with ſable curls;
Adown his mighty limbs, embroider'd o'er
With dædal hand, a veſt Acaſtus wore,
Which erſt his ſiſter Pelopea wove,
And gave her brother, monument of love.
Meantime, leſt every tongue with varied ſound
Of earneſt queſtions order ſhould confound,
A ſolemn council, thro' th' obedient band
Is held in ſtate at Jaſon's high command:
Some on the cordage and the ſails are plac'd
Some take their ſeats, along the proſtrate maſt.

When

When Jaſon thus addreſs'd th' aſſembled train,
" Whate'er may fit our veſſel for the main,
" Or deck, or guard us, through the watry road
" Is duly, O my bounteous friends, beſtow'd.
" Then why delay to bid th' unfurled ſail
" Wait the firſt whiſpers of the proſp'rous gale.
" Yet Oh ſince all one common cauſe unite
" One toil to ſtem the ſtormy ſeas invite;
" All to ſubdue the proud Æetes burn
" All wiſh to native Greece, a ſafe return:
" Ere yet we part, leſt future conteſts riſe,
" Some gallant leader of our enterpriſe,
" With caution chuſe; or in the ſtern debate
" To guide th' embattled bands, with mind ſedate;
" Or if the Scythian King to peace incline
" In holy league the plighted hand to join."
He ſpoke; on Hercules with one conſent
Silent awhile their eager eyes they bent,

As in the midſt he ſat, then loudly cried,
" Be gallant Hercules, our godlike guide."
Stern from his ſeat, he thus addreſs'd the band,
As all aloft he waves his mighty hand,
" To me a taſk too glorious is decreed;
" That chief alone th' aſſembled troops ſhall lead,
" Who firſt conven'd us, urg'd by warmer zeal:
" Who dares deny Alcides' rage ſhall feel."

He ſpoke, around approving clamours ran;
Then Jaſon roſe, and joyful thus began.
" Since with united voice, my friends, ye deign
" That I conduct your labours o'er the main,
" Leſt ought retard us in the dang'rous way
" Our feſtal rites to Phœbus firſt we'll pay:
" And whilſt my ſwains ſelect of faireſt hue
" Victims to deck the feaſt with honour due;

" Our-

" Ourſelves will heave the veſſel from the ſhores
" Diſpoſe the ſeats, adjuſt th' allotted oars:
" Then ſacred to th' Embaſian pow'r divine
" Our hands along the beach ſhall rear a ſhrine;
" Who promis'd to direct our path aright,
" And ope old Ocean to my piercing ſight.
" If ere my conteſt with the Colchian Lord,
" His aid were firſt in ſacred rites implor'd."

He ſpoke, and to the toil his hands addreſs'd
His great example kindling ev'ry breaſt:
They bare their limbs, their veſts a radiant heap
Are thrown in haſte upon a rocky ſteep
That o'er the ſea's retreating ſurface roſe,
Yet recent from the wave, and wet with ooze.
On either ſide, the naval armament
Duly they place on Argus' voice intent;

The

The ſtores in happieſt regulation place
The piny texture more completely brace;
The looſer planks with nails tenacious bind
So ſhall her ſides outbrave the ruſhing wind:
Then dig a trench, as Argo long and wide,
Whence to the waves deſcending ſhe might glide,
Equal at firſt, the end with gradual ſweep
Sunk deeper, reach'd the hoarſe-reſounding deep:
To this adapted in due-order'd rows
Beneath the keel, ſmooth leavers they diſpoſe,
That when the firſt were touch'd, without delay
She o'er the reſt might win her eaſy way:
Then to the thongs their oars inverted bound
On either ſide, and form two ranks around:
To theſe their hands, and hardy breaſts apply,
Tiphys applauds the toil with cheering cry.
Eager they ruſh with hands, and breaſts conjoin'd
And ſtill a firmer footing ſeem to find:

Burſts

Burſts from the trench the huge reluctant frame,
The ſtriving heroes pour the loud acclaim.
Groan'd the ſtretch'd leavers the vaſt keel beneath,
Iſſues the ſmoke in many a darkſome wreath.
With craſhing ſound ſhe ſhoots into the main,
The chiefs with ſkill her farther courſe reſtrain;
Then make their oars in the ſmooth ſockets faſt,
And in the midſhip rear the ſpiry maſt.
Then as the ſhaken lots their ſeats diſpoſe
By pairs the heroes fill ſucceſſive rows;
Yet in the midſt, a more diſtinguiſh'd ſpace,
Ancæus Tegeas pow'rful King they place
With godlike Hercules, to theſe alone
As of ſuperior rank was favour ſhown.
But to brave Tiphys as of ſkill well-tried,
They gave the veſſel's doubtful helm to guide.
Then of rude ſtones, that form'd the craggy ſhore,
The wand'ring chiefs collect an ample ſtore;

Of

Of theſe devoted to th' Epactian name
Of great Embaſius, an high altar frame;
And on its top by rites paternal led
A fading olive's leafleſs branches ſpread.

Meantime, the ſwains as Jaſon gave command,
Conduct the victims to the winding ſtrand;
The ſalted cake prepare, the lavers bring
Fill'd with pure water from the chryſtal ſpring;
When thus in proſtrate adoration laid
To Phœbus pow'r paternal, Jaſon pray'd.
" Hear, Pagaſæan King, whoſe ſacred ſway
" My father Æſon's lofty tow'rs obey,
(" And think that from thy own prophetic tongue
" This train of all my deſtin'd labours ſprung)
" Do thou direct us to the wiſh'd-for fleece,
" And waft our ſhip again to native Greece.

" To

" To thee, for every chief whoſe ſafe return
" Thy pow'r ſhall grant, a votive bull ſhall burn;
" And many an off'ring hung aloft ſhall ſhine,
" Both at thy Pythian, and Ortygian ſhrine.
" Ere yet we ſail, regard with fav'ring eyes
" This our firſt gift of ſolemn ſacrifice.
" O pow'rful patron of th' unerring bow
" Ere yet we looſe, ſome lucky omen ſhow,
" If you but ſmile, each ruder ſtorm ſhall ſleep,
" And peace ſit brooding o'er th' unruffled deep.

Thus pray'd the chief, and next in order due
The ſalted cake on Ocean's boſom threw;
While Hercules and bold Ancæus riſe
To ſlay the victims for the ſacrifice.
On this with headlong hand the ſon of Jove
Where roſe the front, his club's huge burden drove;

Low ſinks the beaſt beneath the knotty maſs:
The brother-bull with battle-axe of braſs
Ancæus ſmote; where tempting to the blade
Its ridgy length of brawn the neck diſplay'd.
Spouts the black blood, the ſolid tendons burſt,
Prone falling on his horns he ploughs the duſt.
The limbs they ſever from th' incloſing hide
The thighs ſelected to the gods divide,
On theſe in double caul involv'd with art,
The choiceſt morſels lay from every part,
Then on the cleft-wood place; the flames aſpire
While Jaſon feeds with votive wine the fire.
Prophetic Idmon views with raviſh'd eyes
The grateful ſteam o'er all the off'ring riſe;
And as the curling volume he ſurveys,
The oracle of Phœbus thus diſplays.
" The fates indulgent give ye to reſtore
" The golden fleece to Grecia's native ſhore;

Yet

" Yet ere your wiſh'd return, from ſavage foes,
" From tempeſts, ye ſhall feel unnumber'd woes.
" For me, ſome luckleſs dæmon will ordain
" An early death, on Libya's lonely plain.
" This doom long ſince has my pervading eye
" Learn'd from the leaves of dark futurity.
" Yet what if death my enterpriſe await,
" Be that, if glory crown my name, my fate."
He ſpoke, attentive to the prophet's voice
The heroes for their ſafe return rejoice:
Yet inly griev'd they, for th' untimely doom
Of Idmon deſtin'd to an early tomb.

Now came mild eve, the golden orb of day
Haſten'd to bath him in the weſtern bay;
The tow'ring cliffs with verdant woods array'd
Projected o'er the plains a longer ſhade.

With careful hands, the heroes on the ſhore,
Where from the ſands retir'd the billows hoar,
Of high-heap'd leaves an ample couch compoſe,
There reſt their mighty limbs in order'd rows.
In portion'd ſhare rich viands ſmok'd around,
And luſcious wine the copious goblets crown'd.
Then various talk among the chiefs aroſe
Such as from friendſhip's genial fountain flows;
From mutual intercourſe of op'ning ſouls
When youthful breaſts are warm'd with flowing bowls.
Meantime in ſolemn ſilence Jaſon ſat
Revolving in his mind the will of fate:
Deſpair's dark clouds involve his muſing brows,
While Ocean's wave, in thought, the hero ploughs.
Idas obſerv'd and thus with ill-tim'd rage,
" Jaſon what various thoughts, thy mind engage?
", Unleſs thy tongue by tardy fear be froze,'
" The ſecret purpoſe of thy heart diſcloſe.

Dege-

" Degen'rate chief! and ſinks thy ſoul with fear?
" Now ſwear I by this oft-victorious ſpear,
" Idas will ne'er to death or danger yield,
" Though Jove himſelf ſhould meet me in th' em-
battled field.
" Lo Jaſon ſuch th' ally, whom glory calls
" To fight thy battles from Arena's walls."
He ſpoke; and lifting drain'd the copious bowl
That fill'd with high-flown inſolence his ſoul.
Through the whole train, tumultuous clamors ran,
Till Idmon thus his bold rebuke began.
" Raſh man, does wine ſuch boaſtful thoughts inſpire
" And urge thee to provoke Heav'ns awful Sire?
" Thus, as tradition ſays, th' Aleian pair
" Did impious war 'gainſt matchleſs Jove declare.
" Yet they, though braver far than thee, ſunk low
" Smote by the archer-gods unerring bow."

He ſpoke; with ſcornful laugh, and geſtures rude,
Proud Idas thus his taunting ſpeech renew'd.
" Say, prophet, does thy father-god decree,
" As for th' Aleian twins, ſuch death for me?
" Yet know, bold ſeer, if thy prophetic ſtrain
" Falſely-inſpir'd ſhould prove thy threat'nings vain,
" Nor fraud, nor force oppos'd, ſhall e'er withſtand
" The promis'd vengeance of my pow'rful hand."
Now ſharper conflict and dire deeds of blood
Between th' impetuous heroes had enſued,
But that the chiefs, with threats and counſel ſage,
As Jaſon order'd, check'd their riſing rage.

Meantime, who beſt the paſſions could compoſe
With muſic's ſoothing accents, Orpheus roſe:
In his left hand the ſilver-ſounding ſtrings
He rears, and thus the ſweet muſician ſings.

In

In the beginning, how the earth, the deep,
The Heav'ns were one tumultuous blended heap:
'Till nature parted the conflicting foes,
And beauteous order from confuſion roſe.
How ev'ry ſhining orb that nightly glows
O'er the blue vault, his place and order knows.
How ſilver Cynthia, and the golden ſun,
Their radiant courſe by turns rejoice to run.
Whence roſe the rocks with waving verdure crown'd,
From what vaſt ſource the rapid rivers ſound,
Whence ſprung their nymphs, from what myſterious ſeed,
O'er earth's green boſom ſwarms the reptile breed.
And next the tuneful maſter ſhifts the ſtrain
To old Ophion's dark primœval reign;
Who with his bride the daughter of the deep,
Firſt claim'd the throne on hoar Olympus' ſteep:

'Till from their head a pow'r ſuperior rent
The ſacred badge of pow'r omnipotent;
On Saturn's head Ophion's honours plac'd,
And with his conſort's glories Rhea grac'd:
Themſelves were plung'd in Ocean's dark domain,
While Saturn rul'd the Titan's godlike train;
While Jove was young, and lull'd in infant reſt
The dark Dictæas ſacred rock poſſeſs'd:
Ere his dread bolt the earth-born Cyclops fram'd,
Ere from the darken'd heav'ns the livid lightning flam'd.
This ſaid th' immortal bard his lyre unſtrung,
And ſtopp'd th' ambroſial muſic of his tongue;
Yet ſtill the heroes with attentive ear
Thought him ſtill ſinging, ſtill ſtood fix'd to hear,
In ſilent rapture, tho' the bard had ceas'd,
Still on the dying murmurs ſeem'd to feaſt.

Now Cynthia's ſtar-encircled orb aroſe,
The drooping heroes ſink in ſoft repoſe:
But when the bright-eyed morning's purple rays
O'er Pelion's redd'ning pines began to blaze,
And ebbing waves by cooling breezes fann'd
In gentle heavings broke upon the ſtrand;
Then warn'd by Tiphys' voice they leave the ſhores
Climb the tall ſhip and graſp their order'd oars.

Now with portentous roaring all around
The winding Pagaſæan bays reſound.
Impatient Argo the glad ſignal took,
While from her vocal keel loud murmurs broke,
Her keel by Pallas fram'd from Dodonæan oak.
Now ranging each their arms in martial ſtate,
In order'd rows the daring heroes ſat.
Yet ſtill Ancæus of Neptunian race
By gen'ral ſuffrage held the middle place.

With him Alcides' giant-ſtrength was join'd,
Inactive by his ſide his club reclin'd.
While as he takes his ſeat, beneath the load
The keel ſubſides oppreſs'd, and feels the demigod.
Their haulſers now they looſe, and o'er the brine
Pour the rich off'ring of nectareous wine.
While Jaſon as the bay ſwift Argo leaves,
Looks back on Grecia's ſhores, and ſilent grieves.
As to the warbles of the ſacred lyre
The blooming youths, Apollo's feſtive choir,
Or in the Delphian, or the Delian fane,
Or where Iſmenus feeds the fertile plain,
The ſacred altars blazing flame around
In ſpritely dance and order'd meaſure bound;
So Argo's heroes as the ſeas they ſwept
To Orpheus' harp according meaſure kept.

SOLI-

SOLITUDE,

AT AN INN.

OFT upon the twilight plain
Circled with thy ſhadowy train,
While the dove at diſtance coo'd
Have I met thee, Solitude!
Then was lonelineſs to me
Beſt, and true ſociety.
But ah how alter'd is thy mein
In this drear, deſerted, ſcene!
Here thou com'ſt in ſullen mood
Not with thy fantaſtic brood
Of beck'ning ſhapes, and viſions airy
Summon'd from the land of Fairy.

Here

Here all thy wonted pleaſures ceaſe
Muſing mild, and penſive peace:
No poetic being here
Strikes with whiſper'd ſounds mine ear.
No converſe here, to fancy cold
With many a fleeting form I hold.
Here all inelegant and rude
Is thy form, ſweet Solitude!

EPI-

EPITAPH.

HERE reſts, within this narrow cell, a wife,
Whoſe gentle manners, ſooth'd the cares of life:
Example rare of patience undiſmay'd
By the near proſpect of death's awful ſhade:
In youth ſhe fell: yet did ſhe not complain
Or Heav'ns immutable decrees arraign:
But tremblingly rejoicing fix'd her eye
With ſtedfaſt hopes on immortality.

O may ſuch hopes, ſo firm, ſuch pious joy
Such glorious views our lateſt hours employ.

TO

TO A

PAINTER.

IN vain, raſh man, thy feeble colours trace
Each blooming beauty of Eliza's face:
The coral lip, and ſweetly-ſmiling cheek
Where laughter loves to live in dimple ſleek:
Thoſe eyes, whence love renews his hallow'd fire
With brighter flames than kindle warm deſire.

With equal hope my emulative ſong
Might praiſe the ſweetneſs of her tuneful tongue,
Or ſing her poliſh'd ſenſe, and taſte refin'd
And milder graces of her gentle mind.
In this howe'er agree our faint eſſays
So far her bloom exceeds thy pencil's praiſe
As her unrivall'd ſong my humbler lays.

FROM

FROM THE GREEK

OF

SIMONIDES.

WHEN now the cheſt, by art Dœdalean join'd,
Was toſs'd by ſwelling waves, and adverſe wind,
With tearful eyes the wretched Danae caſt
Her hands maternal round her infant's waiſt,
And thus, " what grief, my child, corrodes my breaſt
" Whilſt thou, like fated babes, enjoy'ſt thy wonted reſt.
" Dark is thy joyleſs dwelling, dark as night,
" Save when the pale moon lends a doubtful light.
" Thou in thy purple mantle ſleep'ſt reclin'd,
" Nor heedeſt ought the waves or fiercer wind,

" That

" That idly rage around thy darkſome bed,

" Nor wet the flowing hairs that deck thy infant head.

" Sweet babe, thou wouldſt, were theſe my ſorrows thine,

" Thy tender ear to my diſtreſs incline.

" Sleep on, (thy mother bids) winds ceaſe to blow,

" Sleep boiſt'rous waves, and ſleep my unexampled woe.

FROM

FROM THE GREEK

OF

APOLLONIUS RHODIUS.

NOW night o'er earth her dark'ning vapours ſhed,
And the black deep a gradual ſhade o'erſpread;
With upward eyes the mariners ſurvey
Thy ſtar Orion, and thine Helice;
Wrapp'd in deep ſleep the wearied pilgrim lies,
And ſlumbers ſeal the o'erwatch'd porter's eyes;
Ev'n ſhe at length forgets her griefs in reſt
Whoſe babe deceas'd no longer craves her breaſt;
No dogs are heard throughout the city's bound,
No buſy murmur, no tumultuous ſound:
Silence and Darkneſs hold their equal reign
O'er crouded city, and o'er deſart plain:

But ſad Medea's eyes no reſt can cloſe,
For watchful cares have chas'd away repoſe.
Still Jaſon's form is preſent to her mind,
And dreadful lowings ſeem to fill each hollow wind
Of bulls, by whom the hapleſs youth muſt yield
To death untimely in the martial field:
A thouſand cares her panting boſom move,
She trembles now with fear, and now with love:
As when of ſolar beams the ſplendors bright
Strike on the walls, with quick-reflected light,
From the full vaſe, where late-infuſed ſtreams
From ſparkling wave ſhoot forth tranſlucent beams;
Above, below, the glitt'ring ſplendors dance
In circles ſwift, and many-twinkling glance;
Thus various cares the virgin's boſom tear,
And anxious grief diſtracts, and doubtful fear:
Now kind compaſſion gives her tears to flow,
And her pale form conſumes with inward woe.

Sharp,

Sharp, throbbing pains convulſe her beauteous head,
When now love's fiercer pow'r through her whole
frame has ſpread.
Now impotent of mind ſhe vows to give
Her opiate drugs, the monſters to deceive;
Her purpoſe now with ſudden change foregoes,
And meditates in death to end her woes:
Anon nor death ſhe ſeeks, nor will ſhe quell
Th' unconquerable bulls with magic ſpell,
But vainly hopes, forgetting, and forgot,
To bear in ſilent wretchedneſs her lot.

A

SACRED ANACREONTIC

O D E.

LIFT, my ſoul, thy thoughts above
Wine and mirth and guilty love;
To ſublimer themes aſpire,
Change the tender Teiian lyre;
With a louder, alter'd ſtring
Praiſe creation's bounteous King,
In the dulcet Dorian mood
Boldly ſtrive to hymn thy God.
Who his matchleſs acts can count?
Mercy's inexhauſtleſs fount!

View

View below, about, above
Steps of wiſdom, pow'r, and love.

While my votive lyre I ſweep,
Nature, ſolemn ſilence keep!
Furious winds, your roarings ceaſe,
Floods, and daſhing torrents, peace!
Herds, from ecchoing hill, to hill,
Warblers of the woods, be ſtill!
On this praiſe-devoted day
Let the lion ſpare his prey!
Let no poiſon-bloated ſnake
Scare the pilgrim from the brake;
Let not impious war aſſail
The peaceful ſhepherd's ſilent vale.

How with weights of wonder preſs'd
Shall I eaſe my throbbing breaſt?

In the vaſt, harmonious plan,
Inſect, fiſh, and beaſt, and man,
All adorn the gradual ſcale
From the ſeraph to the ſnail,

THE

THE

VISION OF MOSES.

ON holy Sinai's ſolitary hill
Penſive the prophet ſat, and much he muſ'd
Of good, and ill; why pain, why ſin, deforms
God's beauteous work: "what was th' Almighty's arm
"Exhauſted by creating all thoſe worlds
"That round us roll? was there no bleſſing left
"For this poor earth, this dungeon of diſtreſs,
"This vale of tears, this lazar-houſe of woe?
"Did we requeſt thee, Maker, from the duſt
"To force us into life? where virtue ſinks
"Oppreſs'd like the meek lamb, and vice uprears
"Its haughty branch, and ſpreads like flow'ring palm

" On Piſon's banks? O pardon, gracious Heav'n
" My erring tongue, yet why ſhould boundleſs pow'r
" So oft unjuſtly puniſh, and reward
" Aſtoniſh'd man"—At this the mountain ſhook
And groan'd thro' all her caves; a ſolemn voice
Like thunder heard remote, or rolling ſeas,
Swept by his trembling ear; " Raſh child of man
" Doſt thou preſume th' unfathomable depths
" Of my wiſe counſels to explore; ariſe
" Aſcend this mountain's loftieſt cliff, and thence
" Th' unbounded proſpect view;" with fault'ring ſteps
Fearing offence the humbled ſeer obey'd.

He look'd and ſaw wide territory ſpread
Before his wond'ring eyes; two bubbling brooks
Burſt from beneath, and hurl'd their chryſtal rills
Down to a graſſy vale, that greedy ſuck'd
Th' enliv'ning moiſture; there a fountain form'd

Befring'd

Befring'd with moſs, on whoſe green banks appear'd
A loaded vine, whoſe cluſters ripe o'erhung
The ſhaded waters, thither came anon
Diſtain'd with duſt and gore, from fields of fight
A weary warrior; from his panting ſteed
That champ'd a golden bit, alighting quick
On his red ſpear he leant, and from his helm
The cooling chryſtal quaff'd; to *Niger's* banks
Gorg'd with ſome pilgrim's blood, who rov'd forlorn
O'er *Afric's* ſands, the lion thus repairs
To bathe his blood-ſtain'd jaws; the chief refreſh'd
His ſteed remounts, and ſkims along the plain;
But of his loſs unconſcious, drops his gold,
Pearl, and Barbaric gems, the precious ſpoils
Of a ſack'd city; piping o'er the plain
Next came a ſportful boy, who eager ſnatch'd
The chief's loſt treaſure, and with triumph ran
To meet his brothers, and with boaſtful joy

The glitt'ring prize diſplay'd.—Next ſoon appear'd
A wither'd weak old man, trembling with age,
And bending to the grave, with ſtaff in hand
To guide his tott'ring ſteps, and ſat him down
To reſt, attracted by the verdant ſcene.
The cluſt'ring grapes he cropp'd, and held to Heav'n
In humble praiſe, " thou deck'ſt the florid earth
" Parent of pleaſure, maker kind, with herbs
" Nectareous, and ambroſial fruits, accept
" This rural ſacrifice, ere yet I taſte
" The juice divine"—then after due repaſt
His languid limbs by ſtealing ſleep oppreſs'd
Sunk on the flow'ry couch,—ere long he reſts,
All burning with his loſs the chief returns
With haſty ſtrides, and by the ſilver hairs
The trembling ſenior ſeizes, and demands
His caſket ſtol'n; with oaths, and tears, and vows
Of pleaded innocence the theft denied,

To

To righteous Heav'n he calls, " with thunder cleave
" Thou mighty pow'r, who know'ſt our inmoſt ſouls
" My lying tongue, if ought of treaſure loſt
" Theſe eyes beheld"—" Hence hypocrite to hell"
With diſappointed rage the chief return'd,
" Old perjur'd villain hence," and plung'd his ſteel
With eager ſtabs thrice in his mangled breaſt.
Proſtrate the prophet fell, in mute amaze
Awe-ſtruck, yet wiſh'd t' expoſtulate, when thus
The voice divine preventing, him addreſs'd.
" Be ſtill, proud man, can thy all-piercing eye
" Thro' boundleſs ſyſtems darting view at once
" Connected worlds? in a dim corner plac'd
" Of the vaſt theatre, from ſcatter'd ſcenes
" The wond'rous plot unknown, dar'ſt thou revile
" The dramatiſt divine? from broken ſounds
" Creation's univerſal harmony
" Preſume to judge? whoſe inexpreſſive notes

" In

" In their full chorus reach not mortal ear?
" Could ſome pale glow-worm's ray who haply crawls
" Through the magnific pyramid, illume
" Thoſe vaſty vaults of darkneſs deep, and guide
" The gazing ſtranger through the ſounding domes
" To *Cheop*'s chamber? reaſon's boaſted lamp
" Is thus too weak to trace the mighty maze
" Of God's deſigns—Ye little ſons of earth
" In due proportion what can ye perceive
" Thro' the dim glaſs of groſs mortality?
" Ceaſe then to doubt, O ſon of man, nor blame
" The God of juſtice, Heav'ns all-ſeeing judge,
" Whoſe ways all mortal ſearch elude; but know
" Short-ſighted as thou art; that baſe old man
" Rolling in gore and ſhrieking now for aid,
" That infant's Sire, a midnight murd'rer, ſlew."

IN

IN HORTO SCRIPT.

Auctore Thomâ Warton.

VOS O quæ ſociis plicata ramis
Ulmi brachia panditis gemellæ,
Horti deliciæ, decuſque parvi!
Dum vicina apium cohors per herbas
Fragrantes medio ſtrepit ſub æſtu,
Fraternis tueamini magiſtrum
Vos ſub frondibus, attici leporis
Auctores Latüve lectitantem;
Luſtrantemve oculo licentiori
Colles oppoſitos, aprica rura,
Laté undantibus obſitos ariſtis,
Tectoſve aeriis ſuperne fagis.

The foregoing imitated.

I.

YE ſiſter-elms, whoſe branches green
In intermingling wreaths unite,
Of this my garden's humble ſcene
At once the pride and the delight!

II.

As o'er yon fragrant plats the bees
At ſultry noon reſounding ſtray,
In your dim arch reclin'd at eaſe
Oh ſhield me from the ſcorching ray.

III.

As all ſerene I turn the page
The choſen page of claſſic lore,
Of bards, whom warm'd with genuine rage
Or elder Rome or Athens bore.

IV. Or

IV.

Or as my roving eyes ſurvey
  Yon ſunny ſteep, my landſcape's bound;
Its ſides with waving harveſts gay,
  Its top with airy beeches crown'd.

POLYDORE AND CLEONICE,

A TALE.

In Imitation of DRYDEN.

NON ita certandi cupidus, quam propter amorem
Quod te imitari aveo: quid enim contendat hirundo
Cycnis? aut quidnam tremulis facere artubus hædi
Conſimile in curſu poſſint, ac fortis equi vis.

HIS winding ſtreams where ſtrong Eurotas pours,
The fair Miſithra lifts her ſtately tow'rs;
Miſithra fam'd of old for virtue's cauſe,
For freeborn ſpirits and impartial laws;
Tho' now ſhe weep in chains tyrannic bound,
Her rage repreſs'd her glories in the ground.

Hither

Hither in arms from fair Italia came
Great Sigiſmund intent on deeds of fame:
Of gen'rous troops he led a choſen train,
From Turky's ſway the captive ſeat to gain.

Amid the croud diſtinguiſh'd from the reſt
Two noble youths in birth and beauty bleſt,
But for their mutual friendſhip more renown'd,
Shone in the liſts, and fought this hoſtile ground;
Venice they left to warlike acts enflam'd,
This Polydore, and that Calliſtus nam'd:
Early their ſouls heroic deeds were taught,
Early their breaſts the fire of friendſhip caught;
Beneath one banner fought the faithful pair,
And ſide by ſide, adminiſter'd the war:
Thus match'd in arms, in high deſcent the ſame,
Aſſociates to the fields of Greece they came.

While thus Miſithra lay begirt with arms,
And felt the force of Sigiſmund's alarms:
There dwelt within of race illuſtrious born,
An eaſtern maid, and beauteous as the morn:
Long many a Turkiſh Lord had vainly ſtrove
To gain the royal Cleonice's love;
Her charms had drawn from India's utmoſt land,
Princes and Potentates of high command;
Oft their ambaſſadors in full reſort
Num'rous appear'd, and throng'd her father's court;
With richeſt gifts th' unwilling maid to greet,
And pour'd Arabia's treaſures at her feet.
But unallur'd by gifts, and grandeur's pride,
The gen'rous fair their dazzling ſuit denied.
Not wealth or pow'r could win the virgin's breaſt,
'Twas love alone could make her nuptials bleſs'd.
The mercenary ſouls whom gain invites,
In cold embraces meet, and uninſpir'd delights.

North

North of Miſithra's war-girt walls there ſtood,
Form'd of thick ſhade a venerable wood.
Where oft of old Sylvanus' ruſtic ſhrine,
Laconia's ſons ador'd with rites divine.
Remote and ſecret was the cloſe retreat,
And ſolitude had darken'd all the ſeat.
Nor had Italia's deep-embattled pow'rs
Extended their array beneath the ſacred bow'rs.

It chanc'd at noontide hour, one fatal day,
In breezes cool to calm the ſummer's ray,
The beauteous virgin to this ſecret ſhade,
Attended by her train of damſels ſtray'd:
There as regardleſs of impending fate
Beneath a branching pine the virgin ſat;
Sudden of coming footſteps ſounds remote,
Her liſt'ning ear with diſtant echo ſmote:

When ſtrait a troop whom Polydore had ſent
Detach'd on ſome deſign of deep intent,
On neighing ſteeds advanc'd in thick array,
And ſought the gloom where Cleonice lay:
Alarm'd the virgin at the fearful ſight,
Wing'd thro' the grove precipitate her flight.
But ſoon the ruſhing ſteeds outſtripp'd her courſe,
That ſwift purſued her, with the lightning's force,
Soon caught an eaſy prey the panting maid,
That for her damſels cried, and ſhriek'd for aid.
Swift on their ſteeds the captive maid they bore,
And with their prize return'd to Polydore.
Soon to his tent with decent care convey'd
Regardful of her ſtate the captive maid.

Beneath his tent brave Polydore they found,
Not with embattled troops begirt around,

But

But with the conſtant partner of his care,
He ſat retreated from the pomp of war.
His youthful prime his helm unbuckled ſhew'd,
While from beneath his auburn treſſes flow'd.
With graceful negligence a purple veil,
Floated redundant o'er his lucid mail.
A ſword emblaz'd with gems and Jaſper's pride,
Shone with conſpicuous luſtre at his ſide.
Thus ſat in converſe ſweet the faithful pair,
When enter'd at his tent the captive fair.
Graceful her look with grief and beauty mix'd,
And on the ground her ſtreaming eyes were fix'd.
Such lovely tears, and beauty thus diſtreſs'd,
To mild compaſſion mov'd his gen'rous breaſt.
And as he look'd, he felt the ſudden dart
Of love infix'd in his unguarded heart.
When thus, impatient of the kindling flame,
Th' heroic youth beſpoke the weeping dame:

" Fair maid, whoe'er thou art, whoſe heav'nly charms
" Have thus inflam'd my breaſt with love's alarms,
" Whom the ſun's beam has ting'd with riper dye,
" Than boaſt the dames of northern Italy;
" Reſtrain, fair maid, your grief and ſtreaming tears,
" Let dawning hope diſpel thoſe fancied fears:
" Once more Miſithra's lofty town to greet,
" Safe I reſign thee to thy native ſeat."

The gen'rous ſpeech her grateful boſom fir'd,
Her eyes his arms and graceful youth admir'd.
His youth and graceful mein and rich attire
To touch her breaſt with mutual love conſpire.
With ſecret fire the glowing virgin burn'd,
And this addreſs with new-born hope return'd:
" O matchleſs warrior, whoſe unconquer'd might
" So oft has turn'd our braveſt troops to flight,

" Nor

" Nor leſs in arms and warlike deeds you ſhine,
" Than in a bounteous ſoul and virtues more divine.
" How can I e'er repay th' heroic deed
" A captive from the bands of ſlav'ry freed?
" Yet ſince you thus ordain to ſet me free,
" One ſmall requeſt I make with ſuppliant knee,
" That theſe brave troops which me their captive bore,
" May ſafe conduct me to my native ſhore;
" Laden with precious gifts they ſhall return,
" That high emblaz'd my father's courts adorn;
" Treaſures that grac'd our anceſtors of old
" Bracelets and ſtarry gems and maſſy gold,
" Spoils won from conquer'd provinces renown'd:
" With theſe rewards thy bounty ſhall be crown'd."

Thus as ſhe ſpoke, her ardent eyes confeſs'd
The mutual flame that kindled in her breaſt.

When Polydore, who ſaw his love repaid,
In tend'reſt accents thus beſpoke the maid:
" Unbrib'd by gifts this ſquadron I command
" Safe to conduct thee to thy native land.
" Yet Oh what diff'rent paſſions rend my breaſt?
" Love grants, yet inly grieves at thy requeſt.
" And muſt we then thus part unequall'd fair?
" Muſt glowing love thus yield to cold deſpair?
" Can mutual paſſion point out no retreat
" Sacred to love alone and converſe ſweet?
" Deep-waving woods encloſe Miſithra's tow'rs,
" Nor has the ſtorm of war profan'd their ſacred bow'rs."
He ſpoke, with modeſt glance the nymph approv'd
His ſpeech, and ſilent ſhew'd how much ſhe lov'd.
Her through the camp at Polydore's command
To fair Miſithra leads a choſen band.

Mean-

Meantime while Polydore his love expreſs'd
An equal ardor ſeiz'd Calliſtus' breaſt.
With earneſt eyes her charms the youth ſurvey'd,
Though friendſhip's warning voice he ſtill obey'd;
And impotent of paſſion vainly tried
The ſtruggling pangs of conſcious love to hide.

Thus long the luckleſs youth in ſecret pin'd,
While love and friendſhip diverſe tore his mind;
Meantime obſervant of the ſtated hour
The happier lovers met within the ſecret bow'r.
At length the hapleſs youth, who knew the place
Sacred to love and Polydore's embrace,
Deeply revolving in his throbbing heart
How beſt to heal his ſorrow's madding ſmart,
Sought at the wonted hour the fatal ſhade,
Reſolv'd (O dire deſign!) to ſlay the maid:

And

And tho' his ſoul abhorr'd the cruel deed
That the dear idol of his heart ſhould bleed,
Yet this he thought the ſureſt way to end
His grief, and keep uninjur'd yet his friend.
Beneath a buſhy ſhade conceal'd he ſtood;
That when the maid appear'd within the wood,
With his bar'd ſteel he might her breaſt invade,
Ere Polydore could bring his timely aid.

How madding paſſion and his black deſign
With direful thoughts to ſhake his ſoul combine!
He ſtarted oft at each low-whiſp'ring wind,
And thought he vengeance heard and Polydore behind;
And at each ruſtling heard amid the gloom
Thinks 'tis th' expected Cleonice come.
In vain.—and now the murder he deſign'd
Riſes in all its horror to his mind.

Each

Each moment adds a ſting his conſcious breaſt
To wound, and long delay reflexion dire encreas'd:
His ſoul could bear no more—when from his thigh
The deadly ſteel he draws reſolv'd to die.
Within his breaſt he plung'd the ſhining blade;
When ſtrait his hand uncertain and afraid
Stopp'd in mid-way by ſudden doubt witheld,
Reaſon forbad; and quick its deſp'rate force repell'd.
Forth from his breaſt his half-bath'd ſteel again
He drew, when fainting with the lively pain,
And in the tortures of his recent wound,
Of footſteps thro' the grove he heard the ſound:
When ſtarting at the noiſe, down dropp'd the blade
From his ſlack hand, and to the neighb'ring glade
With ſtagg'ring ſteps and faint alarm'd he fled,
From mortal view to ſhroud his guilty head.

'Twas

'Twas Cleonice's ſtep that ſtruck his ear,
Who duteous ſought her wonted lover there.
The maid approach'd where in the path was laid
Dropp'd from Calliſtus' hand the ſhining blade.
She ſtarted ſudden as the ſteel ſhe view'd
In reeking drops of recent gore imbru'd.
But Oh what horrors in her boſom roſe,
Her ſtiffen'd form what icy terror froze,
How ſtood the virgin fix'd in dumb ſurpriſe
When on the ſtudded hilt ſhe caſt her eyes!
The well-known-ſtudded hilt whoſe ſtarry pride
She mark'd on Polydore bright-glitt'ring at his ſide,
That fatal day when to the tent ſhe came,
And kindled in his breaſt the mutual flame.
She thought *his* blood had ting'd the blade with red,
And the beſprinkled ſteel beſpoke its wearer dead.
But ah what dire miſtake her mind poſſeſs'd
What falſe ſurmiſe involv'd her tortur'd breaſt!

It chanc'd the ſword that late her eyes admir'd
When Polydore with love her boſom fir'd,
Haply by Polydore that fatal morn
Was for his own in friendſhip's freedom worn.
She ſees in thought her bleeding lover lie,
And marks each guſhing wound with fancy's eye.
'Twas rage too mad for vulgar ſigns to ſhow,
And ſolemn ſilence beſt expreſs'd her woe.
She ſnatch'd the ſword that with the crimſon glow'd
(So thought the virgin) of her lover's blood,
And cried, when words the lab'ring paſſion found,
" Let the ſame point on both inflict the wound;
" 'Tis juſt, ſo faithful, and ſo fond a pair,
" From the ſame ſteel the ſtroke of death ſhould ſhare;
" Tho' thou, dear Polydore, art gone before
" I cloſe purſue thee to the deſtin'd ſhore!"
She ſpoke, and all on wildeſt fury bent
Her mantle from her heaving boſom rent.

To the bar'd cheſt the deadly ſteel applied,
And in freſh ſtreams of reeking purple dy'd.
Sudden each charm her with'ring cheek forſook,
And death's pale hue diſtain'd her dying look.
She fell and ſinking, o'er her mangled breaſt
With decent care compos'd her blood-ſtain'd veſt.

Scarce was ſhe fall'n, advancing thro' the grove
When Polydore approach'd to ſeek his wonted love.
But ah what dire ſurpriſe what fears deſtroy
Th' imaginary ſcenes of fancied joy.
What horrors daſh'd his dreams of wiſh'd delight,
When firſt the bleeding virgin met his ſight!
In eager anguiſh o'er the proſtrate dead
The grief-diſtracted lover bow'd his head.
On her cold lip a trembling kiſs impreſs'd,
And with his hand explor'd her bleeding breaſt;

But the pale lip in icy death was froze,
And deadly cold her bleeding boſom roſe.
Then thus before the breathleſs maid reclin'd
He pour'd the ſorrows of his madding mind:
" What cruel hand has thus thy boſom gor'd
" What force againſt thy charms could lift the ſword?
" Where ſhall I find th' inflicter of the wound?
" Lo all is deſert ſolitude around.
" Ye foreſts conſcious of the ſavage deed
" Ye trees that ſaw my Cleonice bleed,
" Utter your voice, to my rack'd thought relate
" This hidden maze, this myſtery of fate:
" O why prevented not my ſpeed the hour
" That gave thee to the murd'rers ruthleſs pow'r?
" His unrelenting hand I might have ſtay'd
" Or ſhar'd thy fate in death beſide thee laid.
" But ſince to ſtop his vengeance was denied
" Or fall a willing victim by thy ſide;

" It

" It is not now forbade me to receive
" That death the ruthleſs murd'rer could not give."

He ſpoke; and diſengag'd with eager hand
The ſword that yet in her faint graſp remain'd;
But ah no ſooner ſhone its hilt to view
Than trembling his Calliſtus' ſword he knew.
Then what mix'd paſſions with united rage
And rebel tumult in his mind engage!
While thee, too faithful friend, in thought deceiv'd
The murderer of the virgin he believ'd:
At once the injur'd friend and widow'd lover griev'd.
Friendſhip prov'd falſe diſdain of life encreas'd,
And now with rage redoubled glow'd his breaſt.
As Polydore with wild deſpair enflam'd
The weapon at his naked boſom aim'd,
Ere yet he dealt the death-inflicting ſtroke,
That inſtant from the brake Calliſtus broke:

By

By friendſhip call'd he left the ſhrouding ſhade
Where ſatent long the fainting youth had laid.
With duteous haſte advanc'd he to prevent
His lifted arm, and ſtop the dire intent.
But Polydore ere yet he ſtruck the blow,
When his thick-flaſhing eyes beheld the fancied foe,
With newborn rage and kindling fury burn'd,
And weak deſpair to felleſt vengeance turn'd.
With lifted arm he met the wretched youth,
Nor ſtay'd to prove his faith or virtuous truth.
Deep in his breaſt he plung'd the well-aim'd blade
With eager rage, and as he ſtruck he ſaid,
" Hence to the darkſome houſe of night deſcend,
" And feel the due rewards that faithleſs deeds attend.
" Be Zacon's bitter tree thy baleful food
" Far from the chaſte receſſes of the good.
" Hence to the ſhades, there ſeek ſome deſert cell,
" Where only fiends, and ſhapes of horror dwell."

He ſpoke: the good Calliſtus ſunk in death
And pour'd in ſtreams of blood his ruſhing breath.

Now wretched Polydore alone was left
Alike of miſtreſs, and of friend bereft.
Pale, motionleſs, in deep amaze he ſtood
And view'd in dumb deſpair, the ſcene of blood.
'Till from his grief, theſe words a paſſage broke,
And thus in bitt'reſt agony he ſpoke:
" What foul deſign thy force, Calliſtus, mov'd
" To lift the ſteel againſt my beſt belov'd?
" Could neither beauty, love, or faith diſarm
" On bloody deeds intent thy murd'rous arm?
" Hadſt thou not ſullied friendſhip's ſacred name
" With this dire act, and ſtain'd thy better fame;
" Happy companions from a life well-ſpent
" To thoſe immortal regions we had went,

" Met

" Met after death, and in th' ambrofial groves
" An undivided pair renew'd our loves.
" Now forms terrific from that bleſſed coaſt
" Drive far away thy blood-polluted ghoſt,
" That reſtleſs wand'ring o'er the ſacred ground
" Would taint the purer air and breathe pollution round.
" Yet there my Cleonice ſhall I find:
" With duteous haſte I follow faſt behind;
" There bliſs our yet imperfect loves ſhall crown
" And all our woes immortal pleaſures drown.
" But whither roves my grief-diſtemper'd mind
" For preſent pangs a future eaſe to find?
" Are theſe the triumphs, this th' expected fame
" For which in arms to Syria's ſeats I came?
" Are theſe the deeds of blood, are theſe th' alarms
" That Sigiſmund expected from my arms?

" Who now perhaps ſtands loit'ring at my ſtay
" His ardent legions form'd in thick array
" And with impatience chides my long delay.
" To other ſcenes than thoſe of glorious fight
" This fatal ſword will aid my deſtin'd flight."
He ſpoke, and urſing with impetuous force
The well-aim'd blade, ſunk low beſide the virgin's corſe.
Oh luckleſs pair accept this pitying lay
Which to your ſhades with duteous grief I pay.
O early loſt! to whoſe untimely tombs
Each due returning night fair friendſhip comes,
In grief reclining o'er your mournful urns,
Her vot'ries ſtruck by fate ſo dire ſhe mourns.
Nor thou diſdain theſe rites fair Syrian maid,
Which here I offer to thy penſive ſhade.
Permit my muſe to pay this grateful verſe,
And hung with humble wreaths adorn thy hearſe.

ALFRE-

ALFREDUS.

ISIS ubi lambit fœcundo flumine lucos
Pieridum fortunatos, dilectaque Phœbo
Atria, et extructas sinuoso in margine turres;
Hîc deserta olim, nulloque nitentia cultu,
Prata, udosque agros, limosa obduxit arundo:
Vixque inter steriles juncos, ulvamque palustrem,
Lentis obscuræ serpebant flexibus undæ.

Hùc fortè *Alfredus* gressum tulit, arvaque circùm
Miratus, glebam irriguam et viridantia Tempe,
Tempe quæ sylvæ cingunt superimpendentes,
Hîc, inquit, profugæ secreto in littore musæ
Optatam inveniant sedem, gratoque fruantur

Hoſpitio, et tacitâ ſecuræ in valle quieſcant;
Nec locus ullus erit quo ſe plus jactet Apollo.
Paſcua continuò micuere per avia turres:
Ipſa Iſis vitreis nitidum caput extulit undis,
Suſpicienſque novas arces, inſuetaque templa,
Venturos lætâ præſumit mente triumphos,
Culminaque artificem *Wrenni* referentia dextram.

Nec tamen infauſto poſuiſti has omine ſedes,
Sancte Pater, nec ſpes animum fruſtrata fefellit;
Cernis, ut attollunt vivaces vertice lauros
Egregii Vates, et Phœbo digna locuti,
Quique omnes Sophiæ norunt decerpere flores.
Ipſe agmen, cunctis ſublimior, ordine longo
Chaucerus ducit; priſco dum pectine cantat
Criſtatas turmas, equiteſque haſtilibus aptos,
Sive levis pangit fabellas ritè facetas,
Angliacumque aperit felici carmine Pindum.

Quis

Quis procul ille* autem, ſolus qui in valle reductâ,
Lentior incedit, defigens lumina terræ?
Hic animæ latebras princeps patefecit opertas,
Unde illa innumeros motus, ratione magiſtrâ,
Induat, unde ortu dubio primùm inſita menti
Cognitio explicuit vires, tenebriſquè refuſis
Clara per obſcurum prætendit lumina callem.
Hunc olim Rhedycina canet, quotieſque recenſet
Grata ſuos, celebreſque memor per ſæcula cives,
Inſignem ante alios felix memorabit alumnum.
Nec te, Caſtalidum proles† lectiſſima, plectro
Muſa ingrata ſilet, cui fontes ipſa reclufit
Integros Pallas, faciliſque indulſit Apollo,
Muſæoque dedit contingere dicta lepore.

At neque dilectis ſolùm penetralia muſis
Condidit *Alfredus*, ſoli ſua limina Phœbo;

* Locke. † Addiſon.

Jura etiam ſapiens et ſervantiſſimus æqui
Edocuit, quâque eſt ſtabilis Res Publica normâ:
Quin Artes, fautore illo, ſubiere repentè
Ignotæ; tum Nauta vagus dare vela patenti
Auſus erat pelago, atque alienas quærere terras;
Contemnenſque æquor tumidum victricia claſſis
Arma tulit latè, *Danis* dominata fugatis,
Et patrium advexit peregrina in regna Draconem.
Quinetiam Artifices externâ e gente profecti
Illius accitu coeunt; pars mænibus urbes
Cingere, ſolertique manu ſuperaddere formas
Spirantes, vivoſque excudunt marmore vultus;
Dum calamo intereà varioque colore figuras
Mentitur veras, et ludit arundine Pictor.
Nec minùs in bello Virtus inſigniit hoſti
Parcentem victo, debellantemque ferocem:
Nam neque ventoſo tulit hunc in prælia curru
Ambitio, neque Regnandi tam dira cupido

Impulit

Impulit infando vicina laceſſere regna
Marte; ſed infidi cum fædus rumpere *Dani*
Auderent, nutu novit componere bellum,
Et conjuratis potuit dare jura Tyrannis.

O quis me ducet quà *Farringdonia* clivo
Aſſurgit viridi, ſublimi a vertice montis
Lætus ubi intentos paſcens per ſingula viſus
Explorare humiles campos, ſubjectaque poſſim
Mœnia, et eductas non nullo numine turres;
Hîc ulmos inter patulas caput erigit alma
Alfredi nutrix *Wantagia*, ſæpe ſub umbrâ
Hâc puer, agreſti meditatus arundine Muſam;
Sæpe hanc ad lympham, ſubductæ in margine ripæ,
Parvulus incerto ſe luſu exercuit Heros.
Colle ex adverſo candenti e rupe minacem
Surgere equum,* rudibuſque notis expreſſa videbis

* White-horſe hill.

Tendere

Tendere terga ſolo, longoque albeſcere tractu.
Hìc olim ſtravit duro certamine *Danos*,
Alfredus, poſtquam deſeſſa Britannia longo
Servitio, imperiumque pati plagaſque ſuperbi
Victoris nollet, rurſùſque repoſceret arma.
Hinc procul apparet felix Rhedycina, remotis
Indiciis, mediâ riguæ convallis in umbrâ;
Vixque acie poſſunt oculi ſervare domorum
Tecta, et cœruleis occultas nubibus ædes;
Has inter veneranda, immanique ardua mole,
Radclivii ſtat pulchra domus, medioque ſuperbit
Ampla ſitu, qualis *Vaticani* inclyta ſedes
Erigitur cœlo, aut Capitoli immobile ſaxum
Subjectam latè proſpexit deſuper urbem.
At propè moliri cernas nova culmina,* eodem
Radclivio fundante, viden', jam Turris aperto
Emicat aſpectu, propriumque affectat Olympum.

* The Obſervatory.

Et

Et mox tempus erit, cum certâ lege Planetas
Errantes, magni attentos ad juſſa Parentis,
Newtoni explorent alii, qui fœdera noſcant
Naturæ, arcanaſque vias, ut menſtrua luna
Accendit ſub nocte facem, radiiſque relucet
Oppoſitis, medio dum Sol immotus in axe
Igne indefeſſo fulget, cinctuſque miniſtris
Ipſe regit ſeriem, et volventes ordinat annos.

Muſarum auguſtæ Sedes, ſacrataque tecta
Quæ cœlo æquavit pietas, et opima priorum
Munera condecorant, Salvete, ut perculit ardor
Cor mihi, dum recolo priſci monumenta Laboris,
Et decus antiquum, et tantæ primordia famæ.
Tuque O Sancta Domus,* longâque ætate Verenda,
Cujus in hoſpitium, quâ primum ſede receptæ,
Alfredo monſtrante, choros duxere Camænæ,

* Univerſity College.

Ante

Ante alias, Salve! celebrat dum muſa Patronum
Communem, veterique refert hæc Vota Parenti;
Intereà tu firma diu, longoſque per annos
Stes immota, novo ſurgentes vertice turres
Conſpiciens, ſocioſque Lares circùm undique cultu
Magnifico, qualis patrii per limen Olympi
Invehitur Regina Deûm, turritaque tollit
Tempora, et innumeros complectitur Una Nepotes.

ANTI-

ANTIPATRI EX ANTHOLOGIA.

QUÆ natas peperi novem beata
Viginti et pueros, nec has vel illos
Abreptos gemui repentè letho.
Haud natos etenim meos Apollo
Telis abstulit, aut Diana luctu
Puellas graviore prosequendas.
At contrà hæc minuit meis dolores
Partûs adveniens, et advocatus
Apollo pueros virile ad ævum
Morborum variâ cohorte tutos
Provexit, viden' ut frequente prole
Et linguâ, Niobi antesto, modestâ.

INCERTI

INCERTI AUCTORIS EX ANTHOLOGIA.

TELLUS alma ſenem hunc ſinu foveto
Recordata gravis tibi laboris.
Stirpem ſemper enim premens olivæ
Ornavit, Bromiique vite multâ;
Inducenſque ſatis aquas ſequaces
Implevit cerere, et colendo fecit
Omnis plenam oleris, feramque ſylvam
Novâ arte Alcinoi vigere pomis.
Ob quæ terra levis tegas capillos
Canos, et vario lepore florum
Diſtinguas tumuli virentis herbam.

CALLI-

CALLIMACHI EX ANTHOLOGIA.

TRISTES, O Menalippe, manè inani
Corpus condidimus tuum ſepulchro:
Quin mentis ſoror impotens eâdem
Occiſa eſt Baſilo die, ſuapte
Manu, ſcilicèt haud tulit ſuperſtes
Fratri vivere quem pyrâ cremârat.
At verò ob duplicem anxiumque luctum
Ariſtippe pater tibi univerſa
Cyrene doluit, videns vigentem
Olim prole domum orbitate mœſtam.

INSCRIPTIO.

HINC exit qui mox arentia prata rigabit
Atque cavatâ hortos in margine lambet olentes
Amnis, abundanti fœcundans paſcua fluctu:
Nilo par Ægyptiaco, licèt ille ſacratos
Fontes Æthiopum penitùs ſub montibus abdat
Aut ipſo jactet ſtirpem deducere Olympo.

UXORI

UXORI OPT.

HOS tibi mittit malè tuta flores
Ripa, mi conjux, neque tu colorem
Simplicem ſpernas, quòd hyems negârit
Veris odorem.
Sed magìs ſerves hyemale pignus
Veris, et ſinu foveas amato
Quæ tibi gratus referat benignæ
Dona maritus.

ELEGIA.

MISTA dolore ægram pertentant gaudia mentem,
Vixque erumpentes contineo lacrymas;
Ut turres Ventæ oppoſito de colle viator
Deſpicio, et patriæ culmina nota domûs:
Luminibus madidis occurrit plurima imago,
Quæ quondam juveni gaudia vera tulit.
Atria per deſerta aulæ regalis hirundo
Pennâ iterat ſolvi non metuente fugam.
Saxa inter disjecta vetuſtæ in margine foſſæ
Frigentes auras captat anhelus equus:
Hunc circumvolitant indefeſſo agmine muſcæ,
Dum glebas putres ungula crebra ferit.
Viſa procul per prata udis interlita rivis,
Multa recèns tonſo vellere balat ovis;

Dum madida exſiccans grex vellera ſole tepenti
Lentis aſcendit paſſibus alta jugi ;
Quà latè oſtendit vallum Catharina vetuſtum
Danorum, et ſylvâ tectum apicem viridi.
Beauforti juxtà turres renovataque templa,
Adverſo illimis ſole relucet aqua.
Quà creta albeſcens ripam diſtinguit utramque,
Ægrè difficili cymba movetur equo.
Jamque auguſta ſonat fani campana vetuſti,
Wiccamicâque exit lenior arce ſonus.
Nec mora, pullatum portis effunditur agmen,
Aſſuetoque frequens murmure fervet ager.
Ludite felices, dum perbrevis hora juventæ,
Jucundique oti tempora grata ſinunt.
Ludite, nec vobis, medio de fonte lepôrum
Gaudia quod lædat ſurgat amari aliquid.
Ah! ne, quæ vatem huc uſque eſt comitata miſellum,
Curarum vobis ingruat atra cohors.

ARCHIÆ EX ANTHOLOGIA.

NATUS præcipiti tener Lyſippes
Accedens ſcopulo, eſt periclitatus
Tuum, O Aſtyanax miſelle, fatum:
At mater revocavit alma, mammam
Nudam pectore proferens, ſimul quæ
Et letho puerum fameque ſolvit.

PARMENIONIS EX ANTHOLOGIA.

TENUIS læna mihi ſat eſt modeſto,
Nec flores Heliconios per hortos
Depaſtus, dapibus potentûm opimis
Hoſpes ſerviam, opes mihi peroſæ
Faſtûs ſtultitiæque quæ parentes.
Haud fingam ſatrapi cüique vultum:
Libertas humilis dapis mihi ſit,

DIOSCORIDIS EX ANTHOLOGIA.

ME vernam tumulo tuum reponis
Magis qui dominum deceret ipſum
Quod curæ puer es mihi, Timanthes.
Sit felix, ſcelere et ſoluta, vita.
Sin me adveneris ob gravem ſenectam,
Tuus ſim Domine orco et in nigranti.

ANTIPATRI EX ANTHOLOGIA.

AGNUM lanigerum unicamque vaccam
Solas Tityre opes caſæ tenebas:
Iſti egere foras famem moleſtam.
Ambos perdere ſors tibi immerenti.
Agnus dente lupi, dolore partûs
Nitens difficili juvenca lapſa eſt.
Sic grex deperiit caſæ tenellus.
Quin et vir miſerande tu reflexo
Collo de trabe mortis auſus atræ
Nodum nectere, per domum vacantem
Jaces, ampliùs haud ovis ſonantem
Suetâ voce, boviſve mugientis.

INSCRIBED ON A BEAUTIFUL GROTTO NEAR THE WATER.

BY THE REV. T. WARTON.

THE Graces ſought in yonder ſtream,
To cool the fervid day,
When Love's malicious Godhead came,
And ſtole their robes away.
Proud of the theft, the little God
Their robes bade Stella wear;
While they, aſham'd to ſtir abroad
Remain all naked here.

IDEM

IDEM LATINE REDDITUM.

VICINIS nuper Charites dum nuda ſub undis
Geſtibant medio membra levare die,
Advolitans, temerè quas ripæ in margine veſtes
Depoſuere Deæ, ſurripiebat *Amor* :
Quas puer exultans furto, lætuſque rapinæ,
Purpureas Stellæ donat habere meæ.
At Charites pavidæ fugere, et veſtibus orbæ,
Atque hoc delituit ſingula nuda ſpecu.

EX ANTHOLOGIA.

HIC, precor, in prato viridanti membra, viator
Pauliſper, longo feſſa labore, leva.
Hìc Zephyro quaſſæ captabis murmura pinûs,
Hìc tibi dulce melos multa cicada canet:
Viciniſque jugis te demulcebit avenâ
Paſtor, ſub platani tegmine, propter aquas.
Hìc medios vitato æſtus; cras, I pede fauſto,
Hæc memorans, "fueram Pan, tuus hoſpes, heri."

AN ARS SIT PERFECTIOR NATURA? AFFIRMATUR.

COLLE ſub exeſo Belindæ dædala dextra
Divinâ patulam condidit arte domum:
Non hìc coralium ſplendet de fornice rubrum,
Non pandit varias lucida concha vices;
Non pario ſurgunt exſculpta ſedilia ſaxo,
Nec fons artifices itque reditque vias:
At viridem muſcum per ſaxa humentia rore,
Serpenteſque hederas callida Virgo dedit.
Quà libet abrupto de pumice deſilit unda,
Rarus et incultam pingit acanthus humum.
Haud ultrà veneres jactet natura, puellæ
Cum valet artificis dextra referre pares.

AN

AN LOCUS CONVENIAT LOCATO? AFFIRMATUR.

PRÆRUPTÆ rupis gelido ſub vertice, Martis
Sublimi aſſurgit culmine magna domus:
Hinc exaudiri ventorum verbera ſæva,
Qui portæ circum ſtridula clauſtra fremunt;
Porta adverſa ingens ſolidoque adamante columnæ
Quas ferri cingunt robora, Martis opus.
Intùs ſanguineo *Rabies* accincta flagello,
Dentibus et crepitans pallidus ora *Timor*:
Illìc eſt, vitæ curas lucemque peroſum,
Morti immaturæ quem ſua dextra dedit;
Nant oculi, rictuque patent fœda ora rigenti,
Horrida ſtat putri ſanguine cæſaries.

Illìc

Illìc ſubridens irato *Inſania* vultu,
Et membra occultans ſparſa cruore *Phonos*.
Tali Threicius gaudet ſocio agmine Mavors,
Talis et armorum convenit aula Deo.

AN

AN CASUS ET FORTUNA SINT IN REBUS? AFFIRMATUR.

DRYDENUS ſuavi muſarum inſtinctus amore
Avia Parnaſſi per juga tendit iter.
Jamque *Sigiſmundæ* infelicis funus acerbum,
Crudeliſque refert improba juſſa Patris:
Jam ſuper *Æmiliâ* miſſas in prælia turmas,
Ruptaque amicitiæ fœdera priſca canit:
Cymonemque docet molli manſueſcere flammâ,
Quam lentè inſinuans *Iphigenia* ciet.
Dein *Cleopatræ* audet pollenti pectore ſortem
Edere, & in tragicos fortior ire modos.
Detractâ, mox ingreſſus penetralia Phœbi
Virgilii lauro, tempora cingit ovans.

Pierio

Pierio quanquàm conſperſerit omnia melle,
Tinxerit æterno cuncta lepore licèt;
Vix Lar Drydeno certus, propriique Penates,
Et quod fama affert, fors inimica negat.

INCERTI

INCERTI AUCTORIS EX ANTHOLOGIA.

NOSTRI fit lapis hic, Sabine, parvus
Amoris monumentum, amice, largi:
Te quæram assiduè; domoque Ditis
Mei ritè memor, modò hoc datum sit,
Ne Lethæi aliquid bibas liquoris.

——DULCIQUE ANIMOS NOVITATE TENEBAT.

CUM primum indocili pulſaret pollice chordas,
Informiſque lyræ barbara fila Jubal;
Turba coit fratrum, inſuetæ miracula vocis,
Atque novos circum ſtat venerata ſonos,
Credula, quod tales poterat fudiſſe loquelas,
Tale melos, conchæ numen ineſſe cavæ.
Non etenim argutæ nemorum per opaca volucres,
Non querula e prono quæ cadit unda jugo,
Mulſiſſent unquam ſimili dulcedine mentes,
Quæve per umbroſas perſtrepit aura domos.
Scilicèt obſtupuit turba hæc indocta rudiſque
Vocis inauditæ capta canore novo,
Quam muſæa mele chordæque juvare nequiſſent,
Quas digito Organici mobiliore cient.

IN SYLVA SCRIPT.

CUR plauſis trepidè, palumbe, pennis
Me nulli generis tui nocentem
Fugis, dum pede pervagor licenti
Secretas nemoris vias opaci.
Tuæ vocis enim ſub arbore iſtâ
Murmur flebilitèr gementis olim
Angorem nimium levare ſuevit.
Talis nempè querela, quanquam iiſdem
Modis ſit repetita, pectus ægrum
Æquè commovet, ac melos süave
Quod fundit Philomela vere primo.

PICTORI

PICTORI EGREGIO THOMÆ BEACH.

O Tu qui calamo nimis fideli
Veros exprimis indolis colores
Et vultûs ſimul, hanc levem camænam
Manſuetè accipe, quæ licentiori
Modo, ſolvere vult tibi benigno
Grates, vix lepidas ſatis pareſve
Manûs egregio tuæ labori.
Ah ne te ſpecies inanis unquam
Famæ, quæ fugitiva ludit uſque
Viros qui vitreum colunt honorem,
Subducat proprio ſtylo tenacem
Adhuc ingenui et meri lepôris.

Tuum eſt, ſitque diu, rudis popelli
Laudes ſpernere, nec tibi timor ſit
Quin et poſteritas beata ſano
Tandem judicio, tibi rependat
Veros, quos meruiſſe laus, honores:
Et ritè annumerabit inter Artis
Primos, *Parrhaſios* vetuſtioris,
Knelleroſque recentioris ævi.

EPI-

EPITAPHIUM ANNÆ STAINES.

ERGO te Pietatis, Anna Mater,
Exemplar fideique terra condit
Heu luctu graviore proſequendam!
Te morum facilem, ingenîque lenis,
Nepotes recolunt tui frequentèr.
Te blandâmque operam tuam requirit
Frater, jam ſenio gemens inerti,
Quæ ſic ſedulitate mollicellâ
Senectæ ſolita es levare curas,
Et miti poteras tuâ loquelâ
Dies fallere jam moleſtiores.
At te longa quies premit jacentem,
Quæ ſerò aut citiùs manebit omnes.

FINIS.

15 JY 64